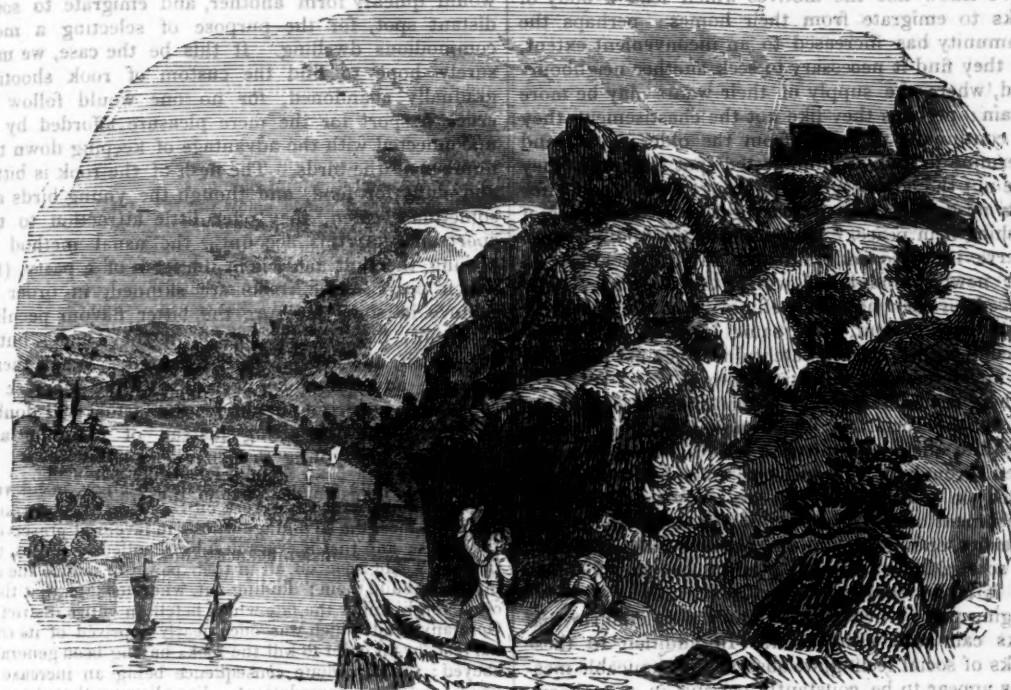


Saturday Magazine.

No. 501.

APRIL

25th, 1840.{ Price
One Penny.

THE BANKS OF THE TAMAR.

I.

THERE are but few rivers in England more celebrated for romantic and beautiful scenery than the *Tamar*. This river forms, nearly throughout its whole extent, the boundary between the counties of Devon and Cornwall, the former occupying the eastern, and the latter the western bank. It rises in the parish of Morwinstow, near the northern extremity of Cornwall. Soon after this it becomes the boundary between the two counties, and continues so, with very little interruption, for the remainder of its course, a distance of about forty miles. In the parish of Werrington it has Devonshire on both banks, and the village of Werrington on its western side. The Werrington river, which rises near Tremaine, runs through Werrington Park, and falls into the Tamar near the upper new bridge. On the east side of the Tamar, near the river, are the Devonshire parishes of Pancrasweek, Bridgerule, Tetcot, Luffincot, St. Giles on the Heath, Lifton, Bradstone, Dunterton, Milton Abbot, Sydenham, Beer Ferrers, Tamerton Foliot, and St. Budeaux. The Tamar becomes a wide estuary near Beer Alston, and further on, below Saltash, which is on the Cornwall side, forms the harbour of Hamoaze, falling into Cawsand Bay, between Mount Edgecumbe on the Cornish side, and Stonehouse on that of Devonshire. The smaller rivers which fall into the Tamar, besides the Werrington, are the Wick, the Derle, the Deer, the Cary, the Claw, the Lyd, and the Tavy.

The source of the river is a small spring rising very near the Bristol Channel, but instead of flowing north-

ward, the few miles necessary to reach that channel, the river flows nearly in a southern direction. The early portion of its course is not so much distinguished for its beauty as the latter portion; and we may pass over it until we come to the neighbourhood of Werrington. Werrington is the name of a parish, of a town, and of a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland. The seat is on the western side of the river, and was formerly possessed by a Sir Francis Drake, who sold it, in 1651, to Sir William Morrice, a kinsman of General Monk. These gentlemen were very active in forwarding the Restoration of Charles the Second, on whose landing at Dover, Mr. Morrice received the honour of knighthood. He was afterwards appointed secretary of state; but preferring the quiet of country retirement, he withdrew to Werrington in 1668, where he built a handsome library. He died in 1676. A descendant of this gentleman sold Werrington to the Duke of Northumberland. The situation of this mansion is very beautiful, commanding a richly diversified and expansive view of a well wooded park, with the river close at hand, and the Dartmoor hills in the distance.

The river next passes not far from the town of Launceston, the county town for Cornwall. This town is distinguished for its castle, a structure whose mouldering walls enclose a large extent of ground. The principal entrance was from the south-west, through a fortified passage upwards of a hundred feet in length, and ten in width. The court of the castle was a square of 136 yards, in the south-west angle of which was a very strong round tower, from whence a terrace proceeded to the keep or citadel. This keep

was an immense artificial conical hill, nearly ninety feet in perpendicular height, about three hundred feet in diameter at its base, and ninety-three at its summit. The walls surrounding the castle court were of immense thickness. This castle is supposed to have been built by William Earl of Moreton and Cornwall, in the reign of William the Conqueror. As our present object is more the banks of the Tamar than the towns near it, we shall pass on now without further notice of Launceston.

After passing at no great distance from Lifton, Bradstone, and Dunterton, the Tamar enters the beautiful grounds of the Duke of Bedford, at Endsleigh Cottage, Milton Abbot. This used to be called Innesleigh, and was an ancient possession of the Abbots of Tavistock, who had a park here in the reign of Richard the Second, and to whom it had been granted by the family of the Edgecumbes. After the dissolution of monasteries, all the estates of the Abbey of Tavistock fell into the hands of the Russells, Dukes of Bedford, who have retained possession ever since.

The estate runs on both sides of the Tamar, and in 1810 the noble possessor began the erection of a sweetly picturesque cottage, under the management of the late Sir Jeffrey Wyatville. The grounds are entered by a rustic lodge; and a carriage road leads through the plantations and lawn to the cottage, the gabled roofs, tall chimneys, and transom windows of which, remind the spectator of the mansion of past ages. It stands upon a pleasant slope, descending to the banks of the Tamar. In the grounds is a grotto, commanding a view of the woods and meadows on the river's bank, and also of a floating bridge, managed by a rope and windlass. The woods in the neighbourhood rise in very picturesque form from the water's edge, and are pierced by ascending walks, one of which leads to a little building called the Swiss cottage, a picturesque edifice in the midst of a sort of Alpine garden. An exterior staircase and gallery lead to the upper apartments, which are furnished, in the Swiss fashion, with wooden chairs and platters, horn spoons, &c. From the gallery of this cottage an extensive view is obtained over the river, woodlands, and open downs. At no great distance are seen rocks, woods, abrupt declivities, and the river foaming over rude masses of stone,—forming altogether a highly beautiful prospect.

After passing near Sydenham, the Tamar arrives at Weirhead, where it first begins to be navigable. At this point the waters of the Tamar fall over a ledge of rocks in a rapid and sparkling cascade. When the stream of the Tamar has been swelled by heavy rains, this fall is highly picturesque.

The gentle Tamar : leading on his flood,
Swelled by auxiliary streams, he strays awhile
Amid the lawns of Werrington, and laves
Thy ancient walls, Launceston. Thence, in deep
And silent course he seeks thy leaf-clad bridge,
Romantic Greystone, murmuring gently through
Thy ivied arches. With the ocean tide,
Seeking proud union then, the tranquil flood
Rolls on, till smoothly, musically, leaps
The bright, descending river o'er the Weir.

CARRINGTON.

It is customary for pleasure parties to take a trip up the river, from Plymouth and Devonport to Weirhead, the whole distance presenting scenes of great beauty.

Near the Weirhead is a spot which has acquired great celebrity as the Morwell rocks, from the lovely prospect, and picturesque situation. These rocks rise several hundred feet from the river, and whether viewed from below, or the surrounding scenery viewed from the summit of the rock, the scene is

equally attracting. On leaving a neighbouring down, a narrow track leads through a copse to the summit of the cliffs. This gradual ascent to a great height makes the traveller scarcely prepared for the scene now presented to his view. The winding river is seen far beneath, and the surrounding prospect includes Calstock Church, Hengeston Down, and the mining district of Gunnis Lake. There is one particular rock called the Chimney Rock, which is mounted by the assistance of a flight of rude steps. Beneath this rock the river is for a time invisible, as it flows through a short natural tunnel. Mr. H. E. Carrington, the son (we believe) of the poet, thus speaks of the scene which presents itself to a spectator mounted on the rock :—

The repose of the scene is most interesting—undisturbed, except by the whisperings of the breeze,—the scream of a lonely hawk,—or the faint note of some woodland chorister. At an immense distance below the rude platform on which you stand is an extensive expanse of wood,—a perfect forest, stretching from the top of the slope to its base, and thence across the whole extent of level land on the eastern bank of the Tamar. Looking southward, you behold the river, winding away amid flat meadows, backed by the lofty ridge on which stands the exposed church of Calstock. On the left bank is a continuation of the Morwell wood, divided from the river by one solitary strip of rich meadow. The many sequestered cottages which are scattered around strike the eye by their peculiar neatness and air of deep seclusion. The base of a part of the wooded precipice on the Morwell side is washed by the Tamar, which here makes a sudden bend round a forest-like peninsula. One cliff rises perpendicularly from the water,—a fearfully impounding mass it is when gazed at from below, though, when viewed from the rugged elevations above, it dwindles into comparative insignificance; but if a boat or barge happen to float along at its foot, you gain an idea of its true magnitude.

Near this spot is Morwell House, formerly the hunting seat of the Abbots of Tavistock: from its situation near Morwell Down, and the woods on the banks of the Tamar, it is considered to have been well situated for this purpose. The building is quadrangular, with a large arched gateway in front, ornamented in a similar manner to those of the Abbey.

Below Morwell rocks, the Tamar skirts Harewood Peninsula, a little tract of land so nearly surrounded by the river, that after leaving Calstock Church, and sailing five miles, the traveller again arrives at Calstock village. On this tongue of land is situated Harewood House, which occupies a site traditionally connected with an event in the early history of England; we mean the story of Athelwold and Elfrida, which has formed a theme for more than one of our poets. The outline of the story seems to be this:—King Edgar, having heard of the beauty of Elfrida, daughter of Ordgar, Earl of Devonshire, sent his favourite Athelwold, to ascertain how far report was borne out by the real attractions of the lady. The messenger,—as has happened in more than one similar instance, no sooner saw her, than he fell desperately in love with her: he made an offer of his hand, was accepted, and the nuptials were performed privately. On returning to court, he took care to lower as much as possible the reputed charms of Elfrida, and succeeded in weaning the thoughts of the king from her. Wishing afterwards, however, to make his marriage known, he entreated permission from the king to pay his addresses to Elfrida, on the plea that though she was not worthy of her king, her large fortune would be an advantage to him, Athelwold. The consent was given, and the pair were publicly married, Athelwold, however, carefully keeping his wife from court. The secret was some time afterwards revealed to the king, and he resolved on revenge, for the deceit of his favourite. He proposed a visit to

the lady, in company with the earl: the latter dreaded the result of the visit, but was forced to comply. The lady, when she heard that she had probably been tricked out of the king's hand, felt as resentful as the king himself. She displayed herself to the best advantage, and won the king's affections: Athelwold was sent on a distant errand, and was afterwards found murdered in a wood; and the king then married the widow Elfrida*.

But to return to the Tamar. After skirting Harewood Peninsula, the river passes near Cotehele House, where the woods swell up in magnificent masses, displaying every hue and disposition of foliage. The rocks that line the banks are covered with lichens, and, when the river is calm and smooth, are reflected with great exactness.

Cotehele House is an old mansion of much celebrity, and was erected in the reign of Henry the Eighth. Its appearance is described as combining the features of the English manor-house, and of the feudal castle. There are square embattled towers, massive walls, covered with lichens, dark green ivy, or tufts of moss. Though situated almost close to the river, the mansion is as completely hidden from public observation as if it were in the most sequestered part of the country. The entrance to the house is through a gothic archway, leading into a quadrangular court. The windows are latticed and heavy, and the walls of the apartments are hung about with suits of ancient armour, eleven of which are said to be complete; also with arquebusses, pikes, halberds, swords, bows and arrows, and other instruments of warfare. Stags' horns, and other trophies of the chase, also adorn the hall. The original furniture of the apartments is preserved almost entire and complete, the walls being hung with tapestry,—probably the work of the ladies of the mansion in bygone days. One of the doors, opening from the hall, leads to a large old staircase, surrounded by portraits of the early owners of the mansion. Antique furniture and curious trinkets are to be found in all the rooms;—such as rich old bed-furniture,—ancient china,—a Saxon sword,—a music-book dated 1556,—curiously ornamented brass fire dogs, more than four feet high (there have never been any grates used in the apartments,)—earthenware drinking-vessels of great antiquity, &c. Connected with the house is a small chapel, where divine service used to be performed, and where the armorial bearings of the successive owners are seen emblazoned on the windows. Not far from the house is another chapel, situated on a bold rock that juts out towards the Tamar. It was built in the reign of Henry the Seventh, and has a curious tradition attached to it, with regard to its origin: this, however, we have not room for here. This chapel is very small, and contains several antique paintings and carved work.

* William of Malmesbury relates this story, on the authority of a Saxon song, and it has thus been admitted into English history.

DEMOSTHENES.

DEMOSTHENES, the Athenian orator, was the son of Demosthenes, a rich blacksmith, and born about 380 years before Christ: his mother's name was Cleobule. He was only seven years old when his father died; and his education having been neglected by fraudulent guardians, he applied himself to his studies, with uncommon industry and perseverance, under the care of Ises and Plato. Like many distinguished lawyers of later days, and of our own country, he had to struggle with serious physical disadvantages. His lungs were weak; and he suffered from an impediment in his speech: but these obstacles were surmounted by indefatigable exertion. One of the means to which he resorted, in order to accustom himself to the clamour of public assemblies, was to pronounce his orations early in the morning by the sea-side, while the waves were beating against

the shore: and in order to correct his stammering utterance, he spoke with pebbles in his mouth.

His abilities as a statesman and rhetorician raised him to eminence at Athens, and he was placed at the head of the government. When Philip, King of Macedon, disputed the power of Athens, and threatened the independence of the whole of Greece, by laying siege to Olynthus, Demosthenes roused his countrymen from their lethargy, and animated them against the encroachments of the tyrant. The Athenians accordingly sent out men and money to the relief of Olynthus: but Philip's gold prevailed: the town surrendered to his troops, and was destroyed. The appeals of the orator in exciting his hearers to extraordinary efforts in behalf of their sinking country are of the most stirring kind; and his allusions to their habitual indolence and indifference, in the midst of danger, exhibit on the one hand his boldness, and knowledge of the human heart, and on the other their characteristics of weakness, which were noted on the sacred page* upwards of three centuries afterwards. After describing the amazing success of their enemy, he upbraided them with "going about in the market-place, and asking 'What's the news? Is Philip dead? O no, but he is ill.' And what matters it, if he were sick or dead? Your lethargy, your want of preparation, the neglected state of your navy, would soon raise up another Philip!" But it is not necessary to pursue the history, nor to dwell on the failure of Demosthenes himself, and of his efforts to save his country. Our object is to furnish from his life a lesson of industry and perseverance.

*'TWAS ruddy dawn! The winds that swept the main
Were gathering strength to vent their rage again;
But 'midst their fitful murmurs, while the deep
Rolled heavily, and lashed the rock-bound steep,
Say who, with head erect, and out-stretched hand,
Paces, with measured step, the pebbly sand?
Who utters bold and thrilling words that fly
Far o'er the billows, and the storm defy?
Whose flashing eyes, whose solemn accents pour
Lightning to lightning, roar to every roar?*

*'Tis Cleobule's son! With steadfast gaze
He wisely marks the tide of coming days,
Views in a small dark spot the storm that shed
Its wrath and fury o'er a people's head.
Far o'er th' horizon borne, the scourge comes on,
That storm is War—that spot is Macedon!*

*Ah, Athens, plunged in luxury and ease,
Who wakes to think on thee!—Demosthenes!
He, leaving all thy sons in sleep reclined,
Holds awful commune with the sea and wind;
Confronts his weakness; labours to compel
His stammering tongue to do its office well;
Instructs his soul and body to await
The war of tongues, the tempest of debate.*

*Nor vainly; for the day is nigh at hand,
When crafty Philip thunders o'er the land,
By art and arms a sickly conquest gains
O'er yielding Greeks, who blush not at their chains,
But bought, or fear-struck, go the king to meet,
Whilst islands lay their freedom at his feet.*

*Then poured Demosthenes his soul of fire,
And in deep tones of pity, scorn, and ire,
More fluent than Isseus, (honoured name!)
Yet half forgotten in his pupil's fame,)
Kindled a spark in hearts ne'er warmed till then,
And showed th' Athenians how they might be MEN.*

*"Men, men, were wanted! not to lounge, and say,
'Is Philip dead?' or 'What's the news to-day?'
But men in arms! men eager to uphold
Their fanes and hearths, and spurn the tyrant's gold.
Your sloth," he cried, "gives Philip his success:
Up, then, awake, and seek a world's redress.
These doubtful looks, these folded arms, away!
'Tis Constance and Toil that win the day."*

*O wondrous force of eloquence, to raise
Reluctant hearts to honourable praise:
Nay more, by gifted industry to frame
A classic model,—Tully's highest aim,—
The growing genius of a Pitt to form,
And gird young hearts to meet the coming storm!—M.*

* See Acts xvii., 21.

As the poet Prior was one day surveying the apartments at Versailles, being shown the victories of Louis, painted by Le Brun, and asked whether the King of England's palace had any such decorations.—"The monuments," said he, "of my master's actions are to be seen everywhere but in his own house."

MODERN ROME.



ROMAN PEASANT AND FAMILY.

"ROME, it has been said, is the country of all who have none; but according to the common meaning of the word we do not see how it can be the country of any man. Not that it does not possess something remarkably attractive, though this is felt at first little, if at all. What you experience for some days after your arrival is a profound listlessness, a vague and oppressive burthen on the mind. You stumble on ruins at every step, disturbing the now mingled ashes of the men of all races and countries who, as victors or vanquished, as masters or as slaves, have inhabited this land of grandeur and desolation. Amid this motley heap you can still detect traces of those various nations and ages, and from all this there streams up a sort of sepulchral effluvia that seems to drug and stupify the soul into the dreams of its last sleep. I can fancy people coming here to die, but not to live, for of life there remains hardly a shadow. Movement there is none, save the underground motion of a swarm of petty interests, creeping and crossing each other in the dark, like that of worms in a grave. Both government and people seem like phantoms of the past. The queen city, placed in the midst of a desert, has become the city of death, now reigning in it in all the dread majesty of his power.

Let us see what at this day constitutes the population of this blighted city. A few really Roman families obscurely vegetate in it. All the great names of the middle ages, the Colonnas, the Orsinis, are either extinct or at the point of being so. The nobility of princes and of dukes does not belong to the country, either by the nature of their institution, by the services they have done it, or by their origin. It was an established custom for ages that the Popes should educate and enrich their children, legitimate or not, or their nephews, and too often confiscations, spoliations and rapine, have laid the foundations of these families thus hastening to decay. To an excessive pomp there has succeeded, it is said, an excess of another kind; and that class of society, saddened at once by its recollections of the past and its anticipations of the future, kucks in vast and silent palaces which none can penetrate, and thus creates for itself a solitude in the midst of a solitude. A natural instinct leads all animals to hide themselves as their end approaches.

Adventurers of all nations and all states, monks of all countries, ecclesiastics attracted from all the corners of the world in hopes of advancing themselves, or by the mere necessity of gaining a livelihood;—such is the greater part of the population. Without common ties, without unity, it has a purely passive existence. Without political rights, for of these they know not the name, they have no share, directly or indirectly, in the government or the administration. Every man lives for himself, and hence, religion apart, the object of life is, with some, the gross one of lucre, and, with others, of present enjoyment. Repose, indolence, and sleep, broken in upon at times, by exhibitions addressed to the senses; such is happiness in the view of men, in whom, nevertheless, may be found the germ of loftier and stronger feelings. As if in mockery of ancient Rome, a Senator, as he is called, holds I know not what petty court of first resort, and on the palace of the Governor, who is always a prelate, you read the renowned monogram, S. P. Q. R., the best rendering of which is certainly the French one, *Si peu que rien**.

Rome long preserved a portion of her ancient spirit and institutions, modified by the genius and manners of the Middle Ages; and in these the Popes found obstacles in the way of the consolidation of their temporal domination. Down to the sixteenth century they had to struggle with the power of haughty barons and with the remains of municipal franchises. But it was then that society experienced a revolution. Absolute monarchies arose, that gave the victory to the Popes, and made them sole masters in the issue. Sixtus the Fifth, a despot both by nature and principle, ended by concentrating all authority in the hands of the clergy. The Pope, and under him the sacred college and the prelacy, are now the exclusive depositaries of political power, and administrative and judicial authority. They in fact form the state; all the rest pay and obey. Thus the Romans are governed, have their public affairs administered, and their law-suits determined, by strangers, inasmuch as, not to mention the Pope, the cardinals and the prelates are almost all connected with Rome only by those casual events which bring them there from all parts, not only of Italy, but of Europe. Can this be

* S. P. Q. R., *Senatus Populus Que Romanus*; the Senate and People of Rome. *Si peu que rien*, as little as nothing.

called a people? Can it be said that Rome is now the country of any one?

And yet this singular city, the focus at different periods of the most enormous political and moral corruptions, is not the less, we repeat, a powerfully attractive place, presenting, as it were, the ghost of a vanished world. From the gigantic buildings ascribed to the Tarquins, down to the palace Braschi, every age has left its impress on a soil, raised by an accumulation of ruins, and forming a vast burying-ground where sleeps a long succession of generations. Aye, each lies there, under its own tombstone, more or less defaced, and the passing stranger who stoops to read the inscription, on discovering but half obliterated lines and illegible letters, walks on oppressed by a load of grief, for he has seen how vain and fleeting at the best is the glory of man. During his few brief days on earth, he erects proud structures on the banks of the stream of time; these he imagines will perpetuate his memory; but the stream, as it flows, undermines them by degrees, and sweeps them at last into oblivion.

The religious associations of Rome, the tales of times gone by, recalled by so many Christian monuments, cannot fail to make a powerful impression on believing minds. How can such fail to be deeply moved amid the catacombs which once were the St. Peter's church and the Vatican of that glorious epoch, when the bishops of Jesus Christ, having the bones of the dead for their altars, and a vault under ground for their palace, celebrated the sacred mysteries by the gleam of a poor lamp, and, after the strength-giving prayer, told the faithful that if they wished to regenerate the world, they must learn to suffer and to die?

Both within the city and in the neighbourhood you are struck with a multitude of objects which all tend to awaken the same feeling that so naturally affects you in the silent and sombre crypts where Christianity first struck root under persecution. Yet the charm that Rome inspires has a wider cause. It acts even on men who have lost their faith, and on those who never had any. It is the charm, as it seems to us, which a man ever finds in what presents to his mind a lively picture of his grandeur and of his frailty. Amid these ruins heaped upon ruins, there is a marvellous poetry of the past; and in the contrast they present to the luxuriance of an ever-teeming nature, there is a something that leads your thoughts to what never passes away, and lulls you into gentle repose in the bosom of a vague immensity.

The part of the city now most inhabited, lies near the Tiber on the Campus Martius. Being intersected by irregular and dirty streets of small size, notwithstanding the number of edifices crowded on so small a space, it wears a general appearance of poverty and dulness. You there see modern times as they were before the middle class, now predominant over the half of Europe, came and fixed itself between the people and the aristocracy. Religion alone lessened without effacing the interval between those extremes in society. Inferior to the palaces, as works of art, the churches belong to a period in which Christian architecture was on the decline. Instead of the ancient cathedral, with its symbolic forms, its vaulted roofs springing aloft till lost to the eye, its arrowy towers piercing heaven like ardent aspirations, its motley ornaments, mysterious lights, and hollow echoes, you find heavy domes, adorned indeed some with admirable frescoes, others with first-rate paintings, and a prodigious abundance of rare marbles, but exhibiting a total absence of all that seizes the soul, and seems to transport it into a higher world."

Such is the doleful description given by De la Monnais, of the inhabitants of the city, which for so many ages ruled as Queen among the nations, and which has so often been drunk with the blood of saints, both before and since the paganism to which she has ever been more or less devoted, assumed a Christian nomenclature, and consummated her criminality by first corrupting the Gospel, and thus offering it in the cup of her abominations, to all the world's inhabitants as the sincere milk of God's word.



MONK WALKING THE STREETS OF ROME.
From a Roman print.

I DREAMED ;—I saw a rosy child
With flaxen ringlets in a garden playing ;
Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.
'Twas changed ;—one summer's day I stepped aside
To let him pass ; his face had manhood seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair loved one, whom he called his bride.
Once more ;—twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantries resounding ;
And in the midst I marked the smiling sire.
The heavens were clouded ;—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell :—the white-haired man had gone.

WHEN groves by moonlight silence keep,
And winds the vexed waves release,
And fields are hushed, and cities sleep,—
Lord ! is not this the hour of Peace?
When Infancy at Evening tries
By turns to climb each Parent's knees,
And gazing meets their raptured eyes,—
Lord ! is not this the hour of Peace ?
In golden pomp when autumn smiles ;
And every vale its rich increase
In man's full barns exulting piles ;—
Lord ! is not this the hour of Peace ?
When Mercy points where Jesus bleeds,
And Faith beholds thine anger cease ;
And Hope to black despair succeeds ;—
This, Father ! this alone is Peace ! — GIBSON.

SKETCHES IN AMERICA.

II.

A VISIT TO THE CITY OF WASHINGTON AND TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

SOME explanation is necessary respecting the subjoined extract, for without a key to the individuality of the writer from whose *Journal* it is taken, there might be a difficulty in comprehending the picture he draws of his visit to the city of Washington, and to the President of the United States.

Mr. W*****, the journalist, was born and bred a quaker; and, like most of the people in the part of Pennsylvania where his family resided, his general pursuits were those connected with farming. Though not deeply imbued with "book-learning," (for in one part of his journal he says he never liked school,) he was considered a man of rather strong intellect, and he became what is popularly termed a "quaker preacher."

In his younger days he had experienced what he considered "an inward call" to visit some of the Indian tribes, a few hundred miles to the west, which he, of course, obeyed; but which, according to his own account, had not been "profitable." At the mature age of sixty, he again felt, or imagined he felt, a similar impulse. But on this occasion it seems his path was not so distinctly pointed out, for his journal shows that he rambled through several of the states, from place to place, "holding forth" wherever he could find "room and an audience;" but, on the whole, this long journey seems to have been rather one of business and pleasure, than of "usefulness." His equipage consisted of a small one-horse wagon—much the worse for age and wear, and the small black mare that drew it, caparisoned in unfurnished trappings, had evidently "seen better days." Equipped in this manner, he set out upon a tour, of which he positively knew nothing—save the beginning; and it is from the pages of the manuscript journal which he kept during the whole of this pilgrimage, and which is now in the possession of the writer, that the following account of his visit to the city of Washington, and to Andrew Jackson, *then* president of the United States, is transcribed:—

"12 month 11th, 1834.—To-day I travelled about twenty miles, and reached the city of Washington. I drove to a large hotel: it was full of other guests. There seemed an immense crowd in and about the house, so I drove to another inn, where I stopped awhile. I afterwards called upon two or three persons—to one I had a letter of introduction, but it proved of little avail. I then called upon some others, but they appeared no better; intolerance overruled better feeling. I called on another family of 'friends'—they were more kind; I informed them *duty* drew me to visit their city.

"12th and 13th.—Spent pretty much of the time in calling on sectarians. Two of them, ministers, were friendly, and disposed to make way for my exercises; but after consultations with intolerants, formerly 'friends', they were advised not to make way for me.—Thus much of proscription on my first entering the city; but there were others to whom I became introduced,—members of congress, clergymen, and other citizens.

"Colonel Lane, whose kindness was great, walked half a mile with me in the evening to the president's house, in the north part of the city, and one mile from the capital in the south part. On ringing the bell, the porter opened the door into a spacious hall,—and after laying aside our cloaks, &c., he conducted us into the parlour where the president and several others were sitting, with their faces towards us as we

entered; the fire being on our right hand, and a handsome painting of twins, on canvass, four or five feet square, on our left. This for a moment attracted my attention from the president, and every other brilliancy of that elegant apartment. In an instant the president rose from his seat and met us before we had advanced half-way from the door; when Colonel Lane took him by the hand and introduced me to him,—upon which we took each other's hand most affectionately. He said he was glad to see me, and I am sure I was to see him. During these salutations he probably noticed the attractive qualities of the painting that had drawn my attention, for he took me towards it, saying, with emotion, that it had been presented to him that morning—that one of the children was named after himself, Andrew Jackson, and the other, Rachel Jackson, after his late wife. He desired us to sit down on the side of the fireplace next to where we entered. For a minute or two he sat near those he had been conversing with, but left them to sit by us. Opposite the fire hung a large chandelier, there being smaller ones near each end of the mantel-piece.

"We conversed upon different parts of the country I had lately visited, the other part of the company remaining silent: but after sitting a short time they arose and came and shook hands with the president, and departed. When they were gone he arose and said, 'Come, gentlemen, let us sit over on the other side, I think it is more comfortable on the sofa.' We were now unmolested for nearly an hour, during which he was particularly interesting. He said the Indians were an abused and oppressed people,—that they had been defrauded of their rights (naming several instances); and how that many of the *whites* were destitute of principle, and prejudiced against them, and practised all sorts of cunning, in order to extract from them their lands, and the money they annually received from the government. He said that the only way to secure them from being plundered and imposed upon, was for the government to take charge of their lands, and to sell them to the best advantage, without any cost to the Indians, and supplying them with other lands and necessities out of the reach of the white population beyond the Mississippi; and he concluded many satisfactory observations respecting them by exclaiming, with much emphasis—'I will protect them! I will protect them! I will remove them and promote their civilization.' While he spoke these words he arose to his feet with much energy—and immediately sat down again.

"He next conversed about the United States' Bank—saying it was a monopoly—a vast machine calculated to influence elections,—and making many poor and but a few rich. That it was wholly unnecessary, and of no advantage either to the public or the government. The scarcity of gold proceeded from so much of it being locked up in the vaults of the bank, &c., &c. 'Colonel Lane,' said he, 'when your members of congress return home I wish you to take all the gold you can, that it may circulate among the people, and shew—with other good reasons—that there is no necessity for continuing the United States' Bank.'—Soon after this four or five other persons came in, so we shook hands affectionately with the president, and bade him farewell.

"Colonel Lane afterwards introduced me to Colonel R. M. Johnson, who asked me if I recollect his report, as chairman of the committee, on Sunday mails, saying that it was the first draught.. Colonel Lane also introduced me to Barry, the postmaster general, who conversed upon the complaints against his administration of that department. The Hon.

Samuel M'Kean, senator from Pennsylvania, introduced me into the senate chamber, where I remained some time with one of the friendly ministers I met with soon after I got to this city. I stood near him, among other respectable strangers, while he pointed out many of the most interesting members of the senate. Yonder, says he, is Mr. Clay, and I thought he appeared with a mind capable of embracing every subject that could come before that body. That is Mr. Webster, says my friend,—and yonder very interesting looking gentleman is Mr. Calhoun,—and yonder is such and such an one, pointing my attention to several influential members. Many inquired of me after I had left the senate, what I thought of several of its members, and amongst others, what I thought of Van Buren. Extraordinary as it may appear, I was free to confess, that I had not noticed him, my sight and mind being directed so exclusively towards those my friends pointed out; but I supposed it must have been Van Buren who sat in the speaker's chair, as vice-president, and who tapped on his desk, when he called the house to order.

"I afterwards called in at the lobby of the house of representatives, where I saw several of my acquaintances, and I may say, that not one member of either house, including the officers of government, up to the president of the United States, showed any disposition to suppress my exercises of duty, in thus visiting the capital of my beloved country; but there were intolera-
rants of another class, and narrow minded sectarians,

"12mo. 20th.—My mind not feeling clearly at liberty to leave this city, endeavours were made by my friends to obtain for me the use of the capitol; but the chaplain and others were not willing to give way, although solicited in my behalf from influential quarters. My friends, however, attended the next day: the chaplain occupied the capitol during the morning; and when he had finished his exercises, without introducing me to the assembly, left the place. The assembly in consequence arose, and became unsettled: but some order and stillness having been promoted, many resumed their seats.

"12mo. 22nd.—Parted with several friends at George Town; bidding others farewell at the war and other offices. One of the secretaries told me that he had lately prepared a document for the president's signature, respecting certain commissioners of the Cherokee Indians. The president on looking at it said, it would do all very well, except the words 'if possible,' such words being inadmissible in govern-
ment-papers;—the secretary said I will erase them,—'No,' said the president; 'give me the pen; I will do it myself.'

"The building where the departments of state are is about 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and three stories high. The president's house is about the like size. The treasury department, as well as the general post-office, are similar buildings. Taking leave of my friends at the war-office, I drove along the Pennsylvanian Avenue, probably two hundred feet wide, and proceeded the short distance it is, to the large iron palisading, and through the open carriage-gateway, and round along the handsome circular gravelled way, in front of the president's house, to under an elegant portico. Thus I drove my 'creature' [horse], and carriage, as near to the door as I could of this noble mansion;—built of freestone, I believe, but by paint, or otherwise, made to appear like marble. After my 'creature' was hitched [fastened] to a hook in the wall of the portico, the roof of which projects about twenty feet from the centre of the main building, with columns twenty feet high, and more than twenty inches in diameter, making altogether a handsome appear-

ance. I called, and found the president, and his secretary near him. He arose, and we shook hands affectionately. We then sat down a few minutes, feeling a tender sympathy in the disposition of love. He was smoking his long old-fashioned, clay-burnt pipe, and looking pretty much as the painted representations make him. I had called to see him about a week previous, and though hundreds of persons had called too, he recollects me perfectly. I informed him that my only motive in visiting the city of Washington was under the impression that it was my duty to visit the government of my country. Wishing the blessing of the Almighty to attend him, we shook hands and bade each other farewell. I then entered my wagon, and drove out at the other gate. The space between the gates is a pleasant shrubbery, enclosed with iron palisading,—the space being about ten rods wide.

"The public buildings, and many of the hotels and boarding-houses are noble buildings. The streets are wide and straight, and many of them planted with trees along the sides,—many of them verging off diagonally, and not like the streets of Philadelphia crossing at right angles. But though it is a handsome and growing city, there is a *black blot* in the very heart of it; there I met my fellow-men under the galling yoke of **SLAVERY**.

"Can such things be? The representatives of a nation of freemen enacting laws in a city where a majority of the human family are *slaves!* shame! shame! upon my country."

W. B.

THERE is no God,—the fool in secret said;
There is no God that rules on earth or sky;
Tear off the band that folds the wretched head,
That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God!—the stars in myriads spread,
If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God!—the silver stream that flows,
The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
All speak of God; throughout one voice agrees,
And eloquent His dread existence shows:
Blind to thyself, ah! see Him, fool, in these.

MILTON'S widow was wont to say that he really looked upon himself as inspired; and his works are not without a spirit of enthusiasm. In the beginning of his second book of "The Reason of Church Government," speaking of his design of writing a poem in the English language, he says; "It was not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim, with hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases."

WHEN foes the hand of menace shook,
And friends betrayed, denied, forsook,
Then Woman, meekly constant still,
Followed to Calvary's fatal hill;—
Yes—followed where the boldest failed,
Unmoved by threat or sneer;
For faithful Woman's love prevailed
O'er helpless Woman's fear.—HANINSON.

THE noblest Treaty of Peace ever mentioned in history is, in my opinion, that which Gelon, king of Syracuse, made with the Carthaginians. He insisted upon their abolishing the custom of sacrificing their children. After having defeated three hundred thousand Carthaginians, he required a condition that was advantageous only to themselves, or rather he stipulated in favour of human nature.—MOX-
TESQUIEU.

SPITALFIELDS IN 1780 AND 1840.

[Selected from the evidence given before a Committee of the House of Commons.]

It may appear strange to those whose attention has not been drawn to the subject, but it is nevertheless true, that the origin of many important societies may be traced to the weavers of Spitalfields. The well-known Dollond, sen.*, was a weaver, and Simpson† and Edwards were weavers, and taken from the loom into the employment of government at Woolwich and Chatham, to teach mathematics. Of Simpson the following anecdote is told:—After the publication of his work on *Fluxions*, and while living and working as a weaver in a garret, in Angel-alley, Bishopsgate-street, a gentleman called upon him for the purpose of engaging him as a teacher of mathematics to the cadets at Woolwich. The gentleman gave a lad a few half-pence to find out Simpson, and tell him that a person wished to speak with him. Simpson came down from the loom at which he was working, in a green baize apron, and very meanly dressed. The gentleman said, "I want to see Mr. Simpson;" to which the weaver replied, "I am Mr. Simpson." "But I want to see the Mr. Simpson," said the gentleman; "I am the Mr. Simpson," was the reply. "But I want to see the Mr. Simpson who wrote the work on *Fluxions*," said the still incredulous gentleman; "I am the Mr. Simpson who wrote the work on *Fluxions*," was the reply; "and if you will come up stairs, I will show you the manuscript at my loom." The gentleman followed him up stairs, was satisfied of his being the right person, and engaged him. On asking him when he would commence, Simpson answered, "When I have finished the piece of goods now in the loom."

The Spitalfields Mathematical Society is second in point of time to the Royal Society, and still exists. There was an Historical Society, which was merged in the Mathematical Society; and there was a Floricultural Society, for a time very numerously attended, but now extinct. The weavers were almost the only botanists of their day, in the metropolis; passing their leisure hours in their little gardens in the environs of London. There was also an Entomological Society, and the Spitalfields weavers were among the first entomologists in the kingdom; this society is likewise gone. They had, too, a Recitation Society, for Shakspearian readings, as well as readings from other authors; and also a Musical Society, though both have long since ceased.

The existence and strong support of such societies,

* JOHN DOLLOD was born in Spitalfields, in 1706. His father was a poor operative silk weaver, to which laborious business the early part of young Dollond's life was devoted. But even under such circumstances, he contrived to make considerable progress in Mathematics, and various branches of Natural Philosophy, and at length completed some extraordinary discoveries in the theory of light. The results of his scientific labours were communicated in various papers to the Royal Society, of which learned body he was elected a fellow. He associated himself with his son, as an optical instrument maker, and effected some important improvements in the construction of microscopes and telescopes. This was the foundation of the present house of Dollond and Co., the well known mathematical instrument makers of London. John Dollond died in 1761, of an attack of apoplexy, brought on by severe mental exertion.

† THOMAS SIMPSON was born at Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, in 1710. His father was a weaver, and brought up his son to his trade; but the young man being more fond of books than of labour at the loom, disputes occurred, and a separation followed. He removed to Nuneaton, where he married, and afterwards Derby, still working at his business for support, though occasionally teaching, and, indeed, at one time, actually professing Astrology and fortunetelling. In 1736, he removed to London, and settled in Spitalfields; where he worked as a weaver by day, and taught Mathematics in the evening. At length his great talents became known, and he was encouraged to write many useful works, which were favourably received by the public. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was consulted on the plan for the building of Blackfriars Bridge, respecting which he drew up an elaborate report. He died in May, 1761, in the fifty-first year of his age, and his widow, who was allowed a pension of 200*l.* a year, survived to the age of 102.

however, as have been described, proves that in former times the weavers must have been in comparatively easy circumstances, and were, for their rank in life, an intellectual body of men. But the weavers of the present day are in a very distressed state, and their moral condition is shown by the extent to which they neglect public worship, which, it appears, only one-sixth of them actually attend. There is a general indisposition amongst them to anything like active mental exercise; but a very common way of spending the Sunday, is to meet together and talk on indifferent subjects, accompanying their conversation with occasionally sipping from a pot of porter.

The wives of the weavers not only work during the week, like the men, but, to the great injury of their domestic comfort and morals, have to work on the Sabbath, to clean the house, to wash and to mend the children's clothes, and to attend any other matter left undone during the week. The same causes render it difficult for a weaver to attend to the instruction of his children, a small proportion of whom only are able to read. Book Societies have proved complete failures of late years; the low rate of wages wholly preclude provident habits, although the weavers are, as compared with the rest of the population of the metropolis, decidedly a sober people.

That the condition, religious, moral, intellectual, and physical, of this class of operatives, is of a decidedly lower standard than that of the other trades of their neighbourhood, appears to be an almost universally recognised fact; but though there is reason to fear that this opinion is too correct, there are very many splendid exceptions. Indeed, the instances to be met with amongst this class of labourers of vigorous, self-cultivated, intellectual powers, and an elevated standard of moral and religious feeling, surpass any examples witnessed among persons of a corresponding station in society. And perhaps the causes of this apparent contradiction, in the extremely opposite character of the weavers, may be traced in the nature and character of the occupation itself. To a person of prudence and frugality, and in other respects of ordinary, well-regulated moral habits, there are perhaps few occupations of a similar grade which offer equally favourable opportunities for the developement of a high moral and even intellectual character. The circumstance of the weaver's work being necessarily done at home, in the midst of his family, would appear especially favourable to the growth of the domestic virtues and charities, both in himself and his children. The circumstance of his working by the piece, ensures attention and perseverance in his employment; whilst the nature of the work itself stimulates the mechanical ingenuity of the workman, by its constant demand upon his invention for contrivances to meet the ever-varying patterns. But, on the other hand, the extreme alternations of occupation and idleness experienced in a trade subjected to commercial changes in common with others, and to the caprices of fashion, perhaps far exceeding all other employments; these alternations acting upon persons who are unprepared by moral habits of providence and frugality, to provide for such contingencies, must evidently degrade the great mass of minds which are subjected to its operation.

There are two Savings Banks in this neighbourhood, having a population of about 25,000; but the weavers, and persons engaged in the silk trade, who avail themselves of the benefits of these institutions, do not exceed 400 in number.

LONDON:
JOHN WILLIAM PARKER, WEST STRAND.
PUBLISHED IN WEEKLY NUMBERS, PRICE ONE PENNY, AND IN MONTHLY PARTS,
PRICE SIXPENCE.